

INNOCENT, PERSECUTED HEROINES

...the window. And she flew there a long time, and her parents were passing through the air, and he followed her voice said.

"I was born a King's daughter, but thou canst not see me now." "What shall I do?" "Go deep into the forest, and build a house and live there alone."

CATSKIN

...the skin, a nursemaid, the girl's father. The victim reveals the murder and is restored to her human form. In America, a jealous old woman kills a young woman, and disguises herself in her victim's skin. The case of the stench when the skin rotted. The edition 1929-350, no. 268). In tales from Northern Europe, a man disguises himself in another man's skin (Sundt 1890). In many parts of the world, in the Disguise and Skin (either way, a person with enclosed wings is for some time entirely unrecognizable. It is a very old motif, carried across the world. In AT 510B in Europe, a woman disguises herself in animal skin. In fact, animal skin is much preferred in fairy tales. The way from Italy, yet both the Old and New World are found in both places. Portuguese shipwrecked Portuguese missionaries in the 16th century. The record in the 15th century, though, the tale comes from the Norse of the European continent. In the 16th century, the tale of the skin.



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NONBINARY REVIEW

A GRIMM COLLECTION

OF

MODERN FAIRY TALES

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NonBinary Review #1
Edited by Lise Quintana and Allie Marini



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NONBINARY REVIEW

Issue One
Grimm's Fairy Tales

Edited by Lise Quintana
and Allie Marini



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Snow Blight

Melissa Knox

This selection is paired with "Snow White" by the Brothers Grimm

She lies in a glass coffin in front of the ex-husbands,
poisoned apple disposed of, antidote administered
Any minute now she'll wake:
they watch her rosy cheeks, lovely
as Juliet's after the potion that made Romeo think
she was dead, but this one is the original
Snow White who drifted. Each guy
says he must have said, done, thought
the wrong thing but if he had it to do
all over again, and if instead—
Yeah, damn right, want another one?—
So the bottle passes
from one calloused hand to the next
the ice clinks in their glasses
they strain away from those unseen
fools who wish that they, too,
felt loved by these men who so need them
like little ghosts, the girls
stand, waiting behind the men, sad
to see them getting smaller
sad to see them staring
at those closed eyes and long lashes and
rosy, rosy cheeks, the color of love
but not the flavor, the smell, or the sound of it,
these less pretty patient ones
(They could use a little awakening themselves)
Don't dare to flare up but
whisper, pale as Pre-Raphaelites,
longing to run fingers through the hair of their beloveds,
who sit aging and balding, shrinking
until one day, they disappear